

The Ladies' Page.

"YES."

They stood above the world
In a world apart,
And she drooped her happy eyes,
And stilled the throbbing pulses
Of her happy heart.
And the moonlight fell above her,
Her secret to discover,
And the moonbeams kissed her hair,
As though no human lover
Had laid his kisses there.

"Look up, brown eyes," he said,
"And answer mine.
Lift up those silken fringes,
That hide a happy light,
Almost divine."
The jealous moonlight drifted
To the finger half uplifted,
Where shone the opal ring—
Where the colors danced and shifted
On the pretty, changeable thing.

Just the old, old story,
Of light and shade,
Love, like the opal tender,
Like it, maybe to vary,—
Maybe to fade,
Just the old, tender story,
Just a glimpse of morning glory,
In an earthly paradise,
With shady reflections,
In a pair of sweet brown eyes.

Brown eyes a man might well
Be proud to win!
Open, to hold his image,
Shut under silken lashes,
Only to shut him in,
O, glad eyes look together,
For life's dark stormy weather,
Grows to a fairer thing,
When young eyes look upon it,
Through a slender wedding ring.

ONLY A CLERK.

"Only think of it! A clerk! A saleswoman! It seems to me I'd have worked my fingers to the bone in some other way before I would come to that," said Lizzie Doyle, going to the mirror and readjusting a twenty-dollar hat.

"So would I. But then, what could she do?"
"At least she might have made herself a little less public. If there's anything I despise, it's these saleswomen."

"So do I. How much better it would have been to have gone into dressmaking or millinery, or something of that sort. But to stand behind the counter like a man!"
"Papa always did like those Stanleys," said Lizzie Doyle, petulently.

"Yes, we all liked them well enough, until Mr. Stanley failed, didn't we?"

"No, not I, for one. Laura was always so independent in her notions. Don't you remember how hard she studied at school? It does seem as if she foresaw her father's failure."

"I wonder she did not try some better position then. She is certainly capable of being something better than a shop-girl."

"Oh, I believe papa intends to promote her when Mr. Jobley goes west. She will then take Jobley's place as junior book-keeper. Think of that for a woman."

"That would be better than selling goods. I don't see how she can do that with her refined tastes. Why don't she give lessons, I wonder? It might not bring her in quite so much money, but it would be a deal nicer."

"Yes, and then we could recognize her," said Lizzie Doyle.

"That's what I was coming to," was the reply of her companion, a small swallow-faced girl, elaborately trimmed and flounced. "How are we to treat her now? We have been great friends, you know; that is, when she was in our set," she added, seeing Lizzie's brow darken.

"I'll tell you how I shall treat her," responded Lizzie, slowly drawing on a pair of perfumed, three-button kid gloves; "precisely as I treat all of papa's clerks. And I should like to see any of them presume!"

"Oh, but Laura won't presume! You needn't be afraid of that; she's too proud."

"But how can you help it when you go to the store or church? She sits so near us, you know."

"Of course she'll give up that pew. She can't afford that."

"That's precisely what she does not mean to do. I heard her say the family must economize somewhere else and keep the pew. Her mother is hard of hearing and could not enjoy the services further back. The children, too, must go to church. That is the last thing, she said, and ought to give up. I heard her say this to your father last Sunday."

"How provoking!" said Lizzie impatiently. "She will always be in our faces. But I shall have nothing to do with her. I know what it is for, the artful minx!—its to keep near us. She knows she has got into papa's good graces; and Al, too, admires her. She's very plain."

"Laura is no beauty," was the reply, "but I don't think she's so very plain. She certainly has lowered herself, though, by going into a store." And thereupon the two girls went out for their walk.

It was near twilight that day when Laura Stanley walked briskly home and entered the neat two-story house to which her mother had lately removed such of her household effects as had been spared by the auctioneer.

"This is really pleasant," she said, sinking into a chair that had been drawn near the glowing grate. "I had no idea, mother, that you would so soon make the house so home-like."

"Are you tired, my dear?" asked her mother, a refined-looking woman, as she helped her daughter take off her cloak and hat.

"Rather, but I like the business; and it's a fine place for the study of character."

"I wish you had chosen something else, my dear."

"I don't wish so," said Laura. "There is nothing else would have brought a salary at once. I used to wonder what a certain person would be to me if I were not the rich Mr. Stanley's daughter, and now I know. It's a knowledge worth gaining."

"Do you meet many persons you are acquainted with?" asked her mother.

"Oh, yes, and it's amusing when they come upon me suddenly. Oh—it's really—is this Miss Stanley? and sometimes up go the eye-glasses. Then I feel—well as if I should like to freeze so nobody; if I could, for a minute. Others see me and make believe they are examining goods; so absorbed are they that they go clear by me without looking up, and pass out in the same way. But such slights don't trouble me. I find out how much true friendship is worth, and who, out of all the seeming ladies I have been in the habit of meeting, are true, and who are false."

"Then you meet some that are true?"

"Yes, indeed; Judge Agate's wife, who always seemed to me so proud and distant, came up to me with a glowing face and fairly congratulated me. She did it like a lady, too, and like a friend. There was nothing patronizing about her. And there were several others to whom my position makes no difference. They prize me for what I am. Yet what a price to pay for learning the value of true friendship," added Laura, with a deep sigh.

"I met Aggie Doyle to-day, and she wouldn't speak to me," said Alice, Laura's sister, who had come into the room and overheard the last remark. "Why should they not speak to me, I wonder?"

"Because your sister is a clerk in her father's store," said Laura, somewhat bitterly.

"That's no reason why they should treat me so," the child replied.

"Of course it isn't; nor is it any reason why Lizzie her eldest sister, should ignore me. I liked her so much, too. But to-day she came into the store and passed me with such a glance after I had prepared a smile and a welcome for her. Mr. Doyle has been so kind since papa's death that I looked for better treatment from Lizzie. That, I confess, wounded me; and I shall have to meet her so often! But never mind, I must remember my place," she added, "I have to work for my living now—but will be proud of it! Good-bye, old life of lazy ease! Good-bye, old worthless friends! Your coldness cannot hurt the real me; it is only the worthless young lady of fashion who feels it, and she is slowly departing this life."

"Have you filled all your invitations?" asked Lizzie's eldest brother, one of the firm of Doyle & Co., some days after the preceding conversation took place.

Lizzie was arranging a hundred or more tiny, cream-colored envelopes, which she tied together with some pretty, bright-hued ribbon.

"I believe so," she replied, with a smile. "I have asked every young lady of my acquaintance, and I think our party will be the finest of the season, if papa will have the carpets taken up in the west room and the floors chalked. Rutgers will do them for fifty dollars, and you have no idea how beautifully he works."

"I think father will not refuse that," her brother replied. "I'll speak to him."

"Thank you, Al. Then I am sure he will have it done. I have asked him so much that I was almost afraid to ask him for more."

"By-the-by, have you invited Miss Laura Stanley?" her brother asked as he was going out.

"Of course not," said Lizzie.

"Of course not! and I pray why not?" he asked, standing still.

"Why, Al, what an idea! She wouldn't expect it. Our shop-girl—father's clerk; I wouldn't have her for the world."

"Then if you are sure she would not come, you might have sent her an invitation out of compliment," her brother replied.

"I don't consider her an acquaintance," said Lizzie, and Al walked out of the room with a shrug of the shoulders.

Presently her father came in. "Lizzie," he said, "I particularly wish you to send a note of invitation to Miss Laura Stanley."

"Papa, you don't mean it," exclaimed Lizzie, chagrined.

"Indeed, I do mean it. What! slight the daughter of one of my most cherished friends, because she has come down in the world in a money point of view? I should despise myself for it."

"But, papa, she won't come," said Lizzie.

"Never mind whether she will or not. Write an invitation. I'll take it to her."

Lizzie sat down, pale and angry, to write the note. After her boasting of having "cut the Stanleys," it was very hard to be obliged to invite Laura. Her cheeks grew hot as she indited the polite little missive, while she remembered the many times she had ignored her to whom it was addressed. She would have disobeyed had she dared—would even have withheld the note after it was written, had her father not stood by to take it.

Later, her brother Al came to her.

"I should like an invitation, Lizzie, for a young lady of my acquaintance," he said, in a quiet voice.

"Who is she?"

"The young lady whom I have asked to be my wife," he said smiling.

"Oh, Al, of course you shall have it! I am to have a sister, then? Is she in the city? Will she be sure to come? I am sure I can't think of anyone." And then she paused, puzzled at his shrewd smile.

"Do I know her?" she asked.

"You used to," he answered. "It is Miss Laura Stanley."

"Oh, Al!" She sank down, covering her face with her hand.

"I was afraid she might feel the slight so keenly," he said softly, "that hurried matters a little. So you need not be afraid now that she will not come. Will you not prepare an invitation?"

"I have. Papa has carried it to her. But oh, Al, a clerk!"

"A noble woman," said her brother, "who dares face the sneers of her set, and take an honest position for the sake of those who are dependent upon her, rather than whine about her former dignity, and live upon charity. I wish there were more like her."

So Lizzie was forced for once in her life to eat humble pie.

MODERN COURTSHIP.

Some of Its Errors as seen by a Clerical Lecturer.

Modern modes of courtship and marriage supplied the topic, a few evenings since, for a lecture in the course which has been given of late by the Rev. C. C. Goss, in New York. The reverend gentleman entered immediately upon his subject without selecting a text, and said: "The different circumstances of people cause a difference in their manner of courting. There are thousands, for example, who are compelled to do their courting on the seats in the public parks, and our servants do theirs leaning on the iron railing in front of our dwellings. Temperaments also vary, and produce different results in methods of courtship. Love is, however, a law unto itself, and should be left to act naturally and without restraint."

In these courting arrangements young ladies too often feign a coldness when they are burning with love, doing this for the purpose of drawing on the young man. This is entirely wrong, as it may end rather in driving him off. Young ladies and gentlemen should be entirely frank in their courtship, and should practice no such wiles. They should cultivate affection, for love is of God. Another fault in our methods of courtship which should be condemned is the want of conversation with respect to the peculiar traits of each other. The young man should describe to the young lady his weak points, and she may in return, speak of his good qualities. This will prevent, after marriage, many mutual recriminations.

The young man should state frankly to his affianced his financial condition. He should also be informed if she has any property, and its nature and value. They should know, mutually, their exact financial condition. The idea should be scorned that the young man may deceive the young lady as to his affairs. For the sake of comfort after marriage they should act toward each other with candor. There is too much holding back upon this subject of money matters.

A young man should also undeceive a lady if he has no serious intentions in reference to her. She will, really, respect him for his frankness in regard to what he might propose doing. If he has no thought of addressing her seriously, he should let the fact be known without delay. Young men should also be very careful what they say or do in the presence of these giggling girls, for they often make the best wives. Six out of ten of them marry sedate men and soon settle down into staid matrons. Men of sober sense do not want wives of sober sense, and giggling girls do not want giggling boys. There is, however, no one rule as to the manner of conducting courtship. All will court as they please in their own way.

"In conclusion," said Mr. Goss, "take as your motto the golden rule, and do to the young lady in all your intercourse with her what you would like her to do to you. The golden rule is a rule made in heaven, and is applicable to courtship as well as to all other affairs of life. Do not think a thought or commit an act in reference to her that you would not have her think or commit in reference to yourself. This makes character the basis of courtship, and character is a sacred thing."

Fashion Notes.

Crinoline, when worn at all, is very small. The bustle, however, continues in favor. Those made of fine steel and lace net or pique are most desirable, as they are light and really form a support for the skirts worn. For wearing with long-trained evening dresses they are an absolute necessity.

Beads now play an important part in evening toilettes. A sky-blue silk, for a young girl, was made quite simply with a single skirt and square cut corsage. Around the edge of the corsage was sewed a deep fringe of silver and pearl bead trimming. A scarf of the same bead trimming was draped across the knees, like an overskirt.

Some odd styles are said to be in preparation for simple muslin and wool dresses for the spring and summer. Thus there are waists contrived without shoulder seams, probably by being cut bias on the shoulders, and still others have the entire sleeve cut in one piece with the waist of the dress, the only seam of the sleeve being on the inside of the arm. The seam down the middle of the front is also bias, and there is a bunch of shirring each side of this seam at the waist line. Shirred yokes, and basques that are shirred all over, were worn years ago, and, it is said, will be revived for thin lawns and grenadines of next season.—*Harper's Bazar*.

There is a very marked tendency toward abolishing all white underclothing as much as possible, says a New York fashion writer from New York. "We have already spoken of the colored petticoats of satin, plush and flannel. And we mention that petticoats of black satin lined with red plush seem to enjoy the greatest favor among these skirts. Stockings in solid dark colors—red, brown, navy blue and plum, with embroidered clocks, in white or contrasting shades, are scarcely now more universally accepted than colored flannel petticoats. These petticoats, if white, are not considered in any way appropriate for winter. They must be red, pink, blue, or heliotrope."

Many additions have been made in the little envelope muffs now so popular, in the shape of card cases, reticule tops, handkerchief pouches, vinaigrette, opera-glass and bouquet-holders, &c. These attachments are now supplemented by a very ingenious contrivance called a "hand-warmer," being a combination of flash and purse. It is made in electro-silver, and is to be filled with hot water. A little chain is attached, which is to be fastened to the muff suspender, and thus extraneous heat is obtained. The shape is that of an ordinary pocket flask of miniature size, and touching a concealed spring a tiny purse reveals itself. Other "hand-warmers" are made like cylinders and covered with plush or fur."

To make fruit cake, 3 eggs (save the white of one for frosting), $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of brown sugar; fill the cup with molasses; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sour milk, 2 cups of flour, 1 tablespoon of cinnamon, 1 teaspoon of cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ nutmeg, 1 teaspoon soda, as many currants and raisins as you can afford.

For apple short-cake, make a soft dough as of biscuit; roll out this and put a layer in a jelly-pan; over this spread a layer of stewed apples; sprinkle over sugar and spice; dot with small lumps of butter; then put on a layer of dough, another of apple sauce, a very thin layer of dough, and bake in a very quick oven. This is a most delicious dessert dish, and may be served with or without sauce.